


# TIME TWISTED TALES

RIP OFF  
PRESS

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2.95 CAN.



UH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE MORE  
OF A MALFUNCTION THAN I  
THOUGHT... I'M AFRAID WE'RE  
STUCK IN A MIXED-TIME  
VORTEX!!

Dave Sheridan



# RIP OFF PRESS INC.



Dear Reader,

The idea of fantastic anachronisms in comic strips is an intriguing one. Indeed, the first *Time Twisted Tale* in this collection was originally scheduled to be a eight page story, but Dave got so excited by the concept that it stretched to sixteen pages before he could rein it in and bring it to a conclusion. The rest of us were amazed, and a bit taken aback by the problem of making the rest of the book come out with the right number of pages. By the way, like many characters Sheridan used in his comics, Jondeaux (John Doe?) the Magician is a real person. He was a member of the fabled Mardi Gras bus tours which were the basis of the main story in the book *Thoroughly Ripped* (alas now out of print), and entertained the company on many occasions. In *Rip Off Comix* #5, in which this story first appeared, we advertised his services for parties and shows. But we've lost track of him in the past few years, so don't ask. I got a big kick out of his act though and I'd recommend it to anyone.

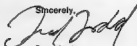
Included as the second story in this book is *3771*, a science fiction fantasy which originally appeared in *Rip Off Comix* #2 and is really more social commentary than anachronistic fun. Its anachronistic element stems from the fact that although it is set in the unimaginably distant future in Klivalundo (Cleveland, Ohio?), the characters are really members of our own time, with our own problems. How would you like to take a machine gun to the crowd at the Stupor Market some afternoon, especially if it was good clean fun? I felt this story deserved to be included in this book, as its style fits in so well with that of the others.

The third story, *More Time Twisted Tales*, was Dave's *tour d'force* as a fantastic illustrator. I hope that the newsprint edition you hold in your hands gives a decent hint at the richness of the art. Dave died before he could finish this story and his old time collaborator, Fred Schrier, finished the work in as delicate and sensitive a manner as anyone could wish. In fact most of the work had been completely pencilled in and only a few passages needed inking. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Fred for the final touches that made this work available to us at last.

The back cover art extolling the wonderfulness of Rip Off Press' publishing program was done from life. Yes, that mythological beast is actually the Davidson printing press that Rip Off Press originally bought to print comic books in 1969. This was an off-hand drawing Dave did one afternoon on some scratch paper for an advertisement we were preparing. The scratch paper turned out to have the original art for the front cover of *Mother's Oats* #1, one of the all time classic underground comics, on the other side so the original image is seldom seen anymore.

I hope you'll enjoy reading this comic as much as we at Rip Off have enjoyed putting it together.

Sincerely,



President  
Rip Off Press, Inc.

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# TIME TWISTED TALES

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A SMALL FARM SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST...

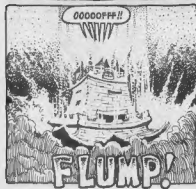
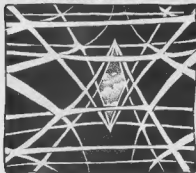
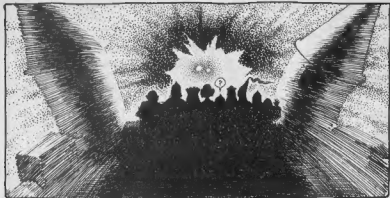






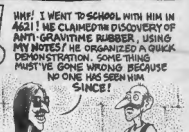
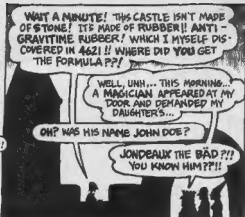












IS HE SAYING WE'VE TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME?! THAT WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE FUTURE?!!

WELL, FRIENDS, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY! HOW WOULD YOU ALL LIKE SOME LUNCH?

I WONDER IF HE CAN FIND OUT IF THE OIL CRISIS WAS A HOAX?!!



LATER

WE APPRECIATE YOUR HOSPITALITY, SIR, BUT HOW DO WE REMOVE OURSELVES FROM THIS PREDICAMENT? WE HAVE MUCH TO TEND TO IN THE REALM!

ME TOO!!



RELAX, GOOD LADY! AS YOU KNOW, TIME TRAVEL CAN NOW BE CONTROLLED, SO RETURNING YOU HOME IS NO PROBLEM!

...I'M GOING WITH YOU! I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT SCOUNDREL, JOHN DOE!!

THERE IS ONE THING THOUGH



TAKING YOU BACK IS A  
FAIRLY SIMPLE PROCEDURE!

FOLLOW ME!!

FIRST, I CONNECT MY MACHINE TO YOUR "VEHICLE"  
WITH A COMMONLY USED CELLULAR REDISTRIBUTION  
TECHNIQUE CALLED FIELD TRANSFERENCE.

... NOW BOTH ARE ELECTRO-COMPUTERIZED TO  
MY CONTROL PANEL IN THIS SHIP! BY PUSHING  
THIS BUTTON I ACTIVATE THE TIME-TOW  
MECHANISM AND WE'RE READY TO GO!

WHAT TIME WAS  
NEAREST? 1979?

FEBRUARY 8th,  
6 PM, TO BE  
EXACT!



NOW, WATCH THIS  
DIAL AND YOU CAN  
SEE US MOVING  
THROUGH YEARS,  
DECADES AND  
CENTURIES AS  
EASY AS

PE

POOF!

THERE SEEMS TO BE  
A MALFUNCTION IN  
THE TURBO-ENCABU-  
LATOR! IT MUST BE  
ONE OF THE FUSES!

WE'LL HAVE TO SLOW  
DOWN AND LAND...  
SOMEWHERE!!

...FOR A QUICK REPAIR JOB!



I DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF THIS  
DR VINCENT!

THE LANDSCAPE DOES HAVE AN  
UNEASY FEEL ABOUT IT, NOW THAT  
YOU MENTION IT!

I'D BETTER SEE  
WHAT TIME IT IS





HMM

MAD DOCTOR VINCENT!  
SOMETHING'S MOVING  
OUT THERE!!



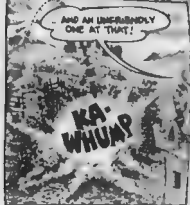
ONE OF THOSE  
BIBOCALAPS...

UH OH! IT LOOKS LIKE MORE  
OF A MALFUNCTION THAN I  
THOUGHT... I'M AFRAID WE'RE  
STUCK IN A MIXED-TIME  
VORTEX!!

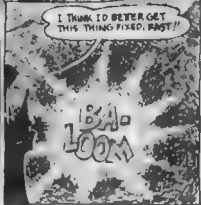


AND AN UNDESIRABLY  
ONE AT THAT!

I THINK I'D BETTER GET  
THIS THING FIXED, FAST!!

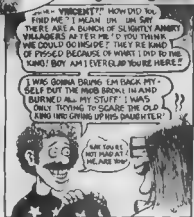
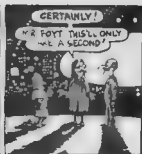
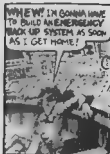


KA-  
WHUAP



BA-  
LOOM







WA! I SHOULD BE, BUT  
JUDGING FROM THAT  
COSTUME I THINK YOU'VE  
PROBABLY SUFFERED ENOUGH!



JONDEAUX!! I MISSED YOU  
SOOOO MUCH!!!



WARRUMPF! LEAVE MY DAUGHTER  
BE, YOU VERMINOUS LECHER!!



VINCE! YOU'VE GOT TO  
HELP ME! THIS IS THE  
LOVE OF MY LIFE! HOW  
CAN I FIND TIME FOR HER?



.... WELL, I REALLY  
SHOULDN'T, BECAUSE YOU'RE  
SUCH A DORK, BUT I DO  
HAVE A WAY. SOME-  
THING I INVENTED AFTER  
YOU DISAPPEARED!



I CALL IT A TIME WAND! IT'S STILL  
EXPERIMENTAL, BUT SEEMS TO WORK  
MOST OF THE TIME! IT'S MY PROTO-  
TYPE FOR THE FIRST HAND-HELD,  
MULTIPLE UNIT TIME MACHINE!  
YOU SET A TIME AND GIVE EACH  
PERSON ONE OF THESE DISCS AND...



YOU MEAN LIKE  
THIS...

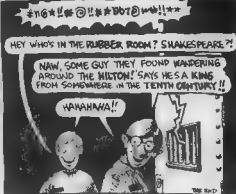
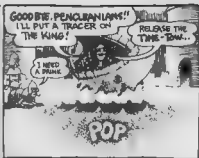


GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE!!  
I'M GOING AFTER THEM!!!



WELL, THERE'S NOTHING  
IF WE'LL SEE THEM AGAIN!





THE YEAR IS ..

# 3711

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## Klivalundo.

A MEGAPOLIS ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF LOWER PRE NORTH AMERICA, AND CONSIDERED BY MOST AS THE PRESENT CITADEL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.



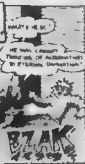
TECHNOLOGY WAS CONQUERED ALL BUT THE NATURE OF MAN



TILT!

.. THAT TASK HAS BEEN DELEGATED TO THE MINISTRY OF CORRECTIVE THOUGHT

YOU THERE!! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!!



WHAT? HE IS?

HE WAS A MURDERER! Found guilty of assassination! Sent to 'RE-EDUCATION CAMP'!

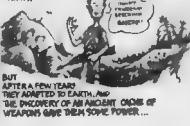
BZAK

PAST EONS OF PERSECUTION AND WAR HAVE LED TO TWISTED PHILOSOPHIES AND STRANGE SECTS HAVE COME TO POWER.



AND IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING AN ORDER TO THE CHAOS THEY HAD CREATED, THEY LEFT HADDER PEOPLE TO LIVE IN THE CITY OF BUIR, AND THE HADDER PEOPLE WERE TOLD THAT...

ALBIS HAD CRASHED IN THE DESERT MANY YEARS AGO... THEY WERE HUNTED FOR SPORT BY THE RICH...



BUT AFTER A FEW YEARS THEY ADAPTED TO EARTH, AND THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT ONCE OF WEAPONS GAVE THEM SOME POWER...

THEY ARE MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE OUTER AREAS WHERE THEY HAVE A RATHER HIGH PART TO PLAYING LARGE ROCKS ON UNFORTUNATE TRAVELERS

BUT THE AVERAGE CITIZEN CARES LITTLE FOR THIS INTERESTING WAR INSTRUMENT

HE STILL PREFERS TO SIT IN HIS CONTROLLED SPACE AND WATCH THE TUBE...

Hi Folks!

WELCOME TO SUPERMARKET SHOOT-OUT!

AND OUR FIVE CONTESTANTS TONIGHT ARE JENN AND BOB...

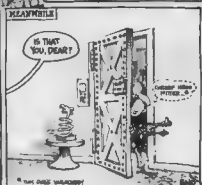
YOU'LL BE ISSUED THESE GORGEOUS Z-4 REBORN THERMAL ELIMINATORS!!

THEN YOU AND YOUR LOVELY WIFE WILL ENTER OUR SIMULATED FOOD CENTER WHERE

YOU'LL BE PITED AGAINST LAST WEEKS SURVIVING CONTESTANTS FOR TONIGHT'S GRAND PRIZE 13,000 FOOD CREDITS!! OK! YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES!! GO TO YOUR POSITIONS AND, WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON... START SHOOTING!!

OBOY!!





# MORE! TIME TWISTED TALES

© DAVE SHERIDAN  
1981

WHEN DO WE  
PASS THRU LIGHT  
SECTOR 93 003?

WE'RE TRANSVERSING  
IT NOW WHY?

I WAS THINKING  
OF STOPPING  
OFF AT EARTH!  
IT'S BEEN A LONG  
TIME SINCE  
WE'VE HAD ANY  
POACHED BEEF  
OR IRISH  
WHISKEY!!



I GUESS WE HAVE TIME,  
BUT MAKE IT QUICK!

SURE, SURE!  
PARK BEHIND THE  
MOON AND WE'LL  
TAKE THE SAUCER!



DID YOU REMEMBER  
TO PACK THOSE NEW SUITS?

OF COURSE!  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I DID ALL THAT WORK  
FOR NOTHING!



MOTHER TO SAUCER  
PICK UP SOME LITHUANIAN  
LUMPFISH FOR CAPT. SNRK!

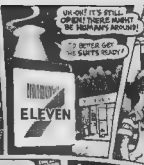
ROGER, MOTHER!

EVERYTHING LOOKS  
PRETTY MUCH THE SAME!  
SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT  
A SUPERMARKET!

LITHUANIAN  
LUMPFISH?

CANAR,  
SURE!









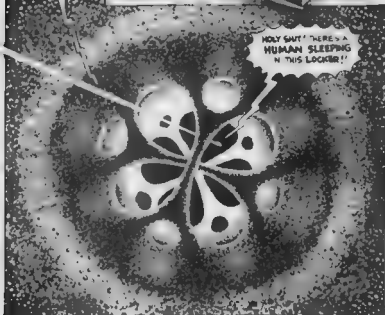
MOMENTS LATER

"I'M ALONG THE  
PDS PLASMOID ZONE  
BETTER SHOWS IT IN  
DIMENSIONAL OVERDRIVE"

"WHEW! WHAT A  
HAND!" SOME THINGS  
HOLDING THIS DEEPER  
CLOSET DOOR SHUT?



HOLY SHIT! THERE'S A  
HUMAN SLEEPING  
IN THIS LOCKER!!



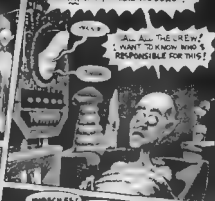
OH NO!! THIS CAN'T BE! SOMEBODY  
WAKE UP CAPTAIN SNUK! QUICK!!



SO, YOU WERE ALL OUT LOOKING  
FOR MY LAMPFRIM, WERE YOU? NO ONE  
HAS EVER LET A HUMAN SNEAK ON  
BOARD A SAUKER SHUTTLE BEFORE!  
NO ONE!!



WHAT?! A HUMAN?! A HUMAN  
ON MY SHIP?! ARE YOU SURE?!



IMPOSSIBLE!  
IF THIS IS DISCOVERED,  
WE'LL BE LAUNCHED RIGHT OUT  
OF THE BEAMSTERS UNION!!



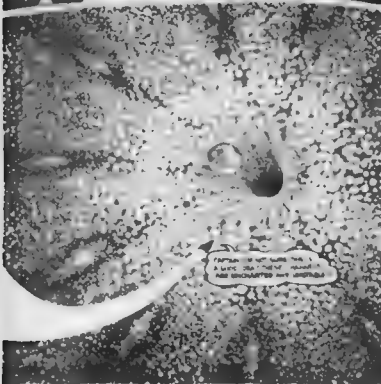
WE'VE GOTTA GET RID OF  
HIM BEFORE WE GET INSIDE  
THE 10" MILE LIMIT! THOSE  
INSPECTORS LOOK EVERYWHERE!

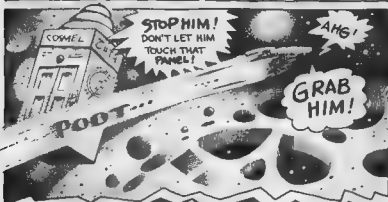


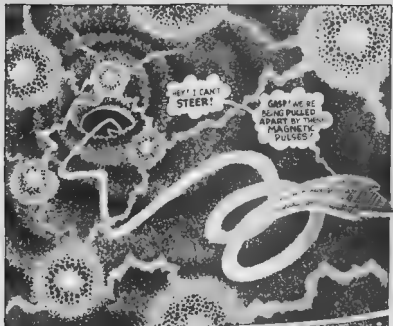
LAT CAPT! THIS GUY'S  
HIDDEN ON SOMETHING! IF  
WE CAN FIND A COSMEL™  
AROUND HERE WE CAN FLUSH  
HIM BACK TO EARTH AND HE  
WON'T REMEMBER A THING!



**COSMIC BLENDATOR** A DEVICE FOR TRANSPORTING AND LIFTING  
HEAVY, AMBULANCE, HOSPITALS! SPECIAL IN SPECIAL PEOPLE CASES!







HEY! I CAN'T  
STEER!

GASP! WE'RE  
BEING PULLED  
APART BY THESE  
MAGNETIC  
PULSES!

CAPTAIN! WHAT CAN WE DO??  
THE SHIP IS OUT OF CONTROL!

I'M GETTING  
SICK!

WE'LL BE  
LOST!

DON'T BE SILLY!  
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS  
PUSH THE EMERGENCY  
CALL BUTTON!

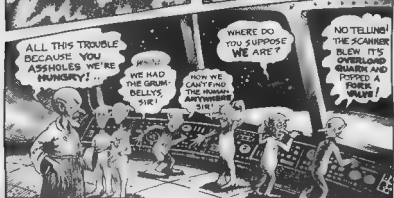
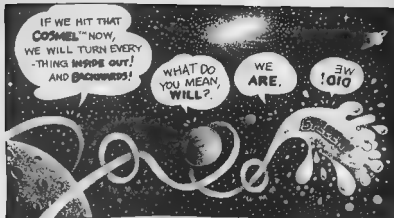
BUT SIR, THAT WILL SIGNAL  
FLEET CENTRAL THAT WE'VE  
ENTERED A RESTRICTED ZONE!

AND WE'LL ALL  
LOSE OUR JOBS!!

WELL THEN, STOP  
WHINING AND FIND  
THAT RANDOM COUNSEL!

HELP! HELP!  
COME IN! COME IN!  
DO YOU READ ME?







OK, WE'RE NOT  
LOST YET... LIEUT.  
BLIK, FIRE A  
FARK PROBE!

YESSIR  
YESSIR  
YESSIR

WE'LL  
RED SHIFT  
OUR WAY  
OUT OF  
THIS MESS!

WELL?  
THE PROBE...  
...WHAT'S IT  
SAY, BLIK?  
OUT WITH  
IT!

IT SEEMS TO BE  
SOME SORT OF  
LOW ENERGY FIELD,  
CAPT. ...SO LOW IT'S  
HARDLY DETECTABLE!

THE BIO-  
INDICATOR  
SAYS ITS SOME  
SORT OF LIVING  
ENTITY, BUT  
BARELY  
SENTIENT!

PARTICLES  
OF ENERGY  
ARE ROAMING  
AIMLESSLY  
ABOUT...

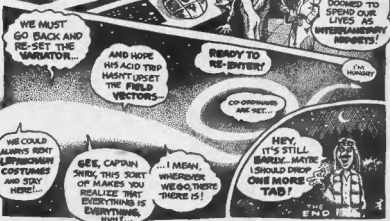
YOU MEANT TO  
TELL ME, BLIK,  
WE'VE ENDED  
UP LOST IN A  
LIVING COSMEL?!

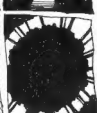
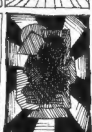
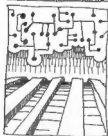
WELL,  
IT'S MORE LIKE  
JELLY, SIR.

GOSH

ARM THE  
MAIN-NEUPTON  
BANKS!!!  
RELEASE THE  
STARBOARD  
FORCENODES!

WE'RE  
BLASTIN'  
OUR WAY  
OUT OF  
HERE!





# RIPOFF PRESS



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